

factory to you and you place your line in Columbus, Ohio, that you allow us to take charge of the entire line, which would save you considerable annoyance and we think would cause no jealousy on the part of other agents, as they would be taken care of. We do this for several manufacturing concerns here, including the Springfield Carriage Works. We pay the other agents and render a bill to them, while they keep but one account. After thinking this over, we are sure that you will consider the plan a good one in every respect.

Very truly yours,



The Untrodden Way

The man who follows the untrodden way often grows sore of foot and lonely of heart. Whether it is in the primitive wilderness or through the jungle of established wrongs and customs, the way will be thorny and rocky and beset by cunning savagery. And even those who are to follow after and enjoy the blessings of the healthier, happier way often jibe and rail at the lonely man of faith breaking the road. And yet, with all the opposition and hardship and loneliness, there is a zest in walking the untrodden way. There is a thrill of high purpose and a lure of faith unknown to the plodders on the dull road of "let-us-alone." Even the hardship of it calls to the man willing to work. The battle of it stirs the man whose courage is ready to defend the weak and the needy; and the originality of it lures the man of imagination. Sometimes the snug man in the coolness of his own shade tree pities the toiler on the unbeaten track. But he sees only the outside hardship of what seems a thankless task. He never knows the satisfaction of a grim purpose fought to the finish, the thrill of the bugle call far ahead of the untrodden road, nor sees visions in his weariest hour of throngs who shall come after, singing the songs of a truer freedom and gathering the fruit that grows along the better way of life which he has found for them.



The Diamond Necklace

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

She was one of those pretty, charming young ladies born as if through an error of destiny into a family of workers. She had no fortune, no expectations, no means of realizing her ambitions, except through a marriage with a man either rich or distinguished. In order to escape from her surroundings she married a petty clerk in the office of the Minister of Public Instruction.

She dressed very simply because she had no means of adornment; but she was as unhappy as though she had fallen from a high social position, for the women who have neither position nor race use their beauty, grace and charm as stepping-stones to those heights from

which they are otherwise barred. Their natural tact, instinctive elegance and suppleness of wit are their only inheritance, and, skillfully used, make some daughters of the people the equal of great ladies.

She suffered constantly when she looked around her humble home and realized the absence of all those luxuries that are enjoyed only by the wealthy. All the little things that another woman of her class would not have seen tortured and angered her. The very sight of the little country woman who performed her simple household duties awakened in her vain longings and troubled dreams.

She dreamed of beautiful halls, lighted by candles in great bronze candlesticks, whose floors were covered with rich carpets which gave back no sound, and whose walls were covered with silks from the Orient, and of obsequious footmen and servants ready to attend to every wish at a moment's notice. She thought of large drawing rooms draped in ancient silks; of handsome pieces of furniture covered with bric-a-brac of inestimable value. She thought also of coquettish small salons, made for the five o'clock chats with most intimate friends, or distinguished men of letters, from whom it is every woman's ambition to receive attentions.

When she was seated at the table, whose cloth had already done duty for three days, or opposite her husband—who evinced his entire satisfaction with the evening's repast by such exclamations as: "Oh, the good pot-pie! I know of nothing better!"—her imagination carried her away to stately dining-rooms, whose walls were covered with rich tapestries, portraying scenes in which distinguished personages and strange birds were pictured in the middle of a splendid forest. She pictured the glittering silver, strange dishes, exquisitely served on marvelous plates, and gallantries whispered and listened to with the sphinx-like smile with which a woman of the world knows so well how to conceal her emotions, all the while eating a rosy trout or dallying with the wing of a lark. She had no toilets, no jewels, and it was for these things that she longed as the fleet Arabian longs for his native desert. She had an insatiable desire to be admired, to be envied and to be sought after.

She had a rich friend who had been her schoolmate at the convent she had attended, but whom she did not like to visit because she suffered from seeing the things she could not have. For days after returning from a visit she wept from grief, regret and distress.

One evening her husband came home radiant, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"See," said he, "here is something for you."

She tore open the envelope, drew out a printed card, on which were printed these words: "The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponeau beg the honor of the company of Monsieur and Madame Loisel for the evening of Monday, January 18, at the Minister's residence."

Instead of being delighted, as he had ex-

pected, she threw the invitation on the table with a gesture of annoyance, exclaiming:

"Well, what do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought it would make you so happy! You never go out, and this is a great event. I obtained it only after infinite trouble. Everybody wants one; they are much sought after and they are not generally given to employees. You will see the entire official world there."

She looked at him with supreme disdain, and said impatiently:

"What do you suppose I have to wear for such an occasion as that?"

He stammered: "But the dress that you wear to the theater. You always look beautiful in that."

He stopped speaking, astonished and dismayed at seeing his wife in tears. Two large tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"What is the matter? What is the matter?" asked he tenderly. By a violent effort she controlled her vexation and calmly said, while wiping her moist cheeks:

"Nothing; only I have no dress suitable for such a great function and of course cannot go. Give the card to one of your friends whose wife is fortunate enough to have a costume fitting for such an occasion."

In despair he said:

"Matilda, how much would a dress cost to wear to this ball; one that would serve for other occasions—something very simple."

She reflected for a few moments, figuring in her own mind the sum she could ask without danger of an immediate refusal and frightening her economical husband. Finally she hesitatingly said:

"I do not know exactly; but it seems to me that about four hundred francs would be sufficient."

He turned a little pale, for he had saved just that sum to buy a gun for the following summer, when he had planned to go with some of his friends to the plains to shoot larks on Sunday. However, he replied:

"Very well, I will give you the four hundred francs, but try to have a beautiful dress."

The day of the ball drew near; but Madame Loisel seemed sad, anxious, uneasy. Her dress was nearly ready, what could it be? One evening her husband said to her:

"What is the matter with you? You have been acting so strangely for the last few days."

She replied: "It worries me that I have not one jewel, not a precious stone to wear. What a miserable figure I shall appear in that company! I would prefer not to go at all!"

"Why," he said, "you can wear some natural flowers. For ten francs you can get some magnificent roses."

She was not at all convinced.

"No; there is nothing more humiliating than to appear shabby among so many rich women."

"But how silly you are! Go to your rich friend, Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend

you some of her jewels. You know her well enough to do that."

She gave a cry of joy.

"Yes; that is true! I had not thought of that."

The following day she went to her friend's house and explained her predicament. Madame Forestier went to a closet with glass doors and took out a large jewel casket. Opening it, she said:

"Choose, my dear; they are at your service."

She saw first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, a Venetian cross composed of gold and precious stones and of exquisite workmanship. She tried them all before the glass, unable to decide whether to wear them or not.

"Have you nothing else?" she asked.

"Why, yes. Look for yourself, as I don't know what might please you."

Suddenly she discovered a black satin case, which when opened disclosed to view a superb necklace of diamonds. Her heart beat furiously with the desire of possession. She took them in her trembling hands and put them on over her simple gown and stood lost in an ecstasy of admiration. Then, hesitatingly, she asked:

"Can you lend me this? Only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly, if you wish it."

She fell on her friend's neck, embraced her tempestuously, and then left hastily with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was more than a success. Among all the beautiful women she was the most beautiful, elegant and gracious. She radiated sunshine. She attracted the attention of some of the most distinguished men present, and all wanted to be presented to her. Even the Minister himself paid her some attention. Intoxicated by all this attention and admiration, she seemed to float in a cloud of happiness, intensified by her complete success and the tribute paid to her charms, so sweet to the heart of woman. She went home about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had slept since midnight in one of the parlors, in company with two or three gentlemen who were also awaiting their wives.

He threw over her shoulders the modest wrap which she had brought, whose poverty seemed to clash with the elegance of the ball costume. She felt this keenly, and hurried away, in order not to be seen by the other ladies whose rich furs were more in harmony with the occasion.

Her husband detained her.

"Wait," he said, "you will take cold here. Wait for a cab."

But she hurried on and rapidly descended the staircase. When they reached the street there was no carriage in sight, and they were obliged to look for one, calling to the drivers who passed by, but in vain. They walked toward the Seine, and finally found on the quay one of those old coupes one sees only in Paris after dark, hovering about the great city like birds of prey. It carried them to their door and they wearily entered their small apart-

ments. It was ended for her, and on his part he remembered only that he would have to be at the office at ten o'clock.

She took off the cloak in front of the glass in order to admire herself once more in all her bravery. Suddenly she cried out:

"The diamonds are gone!"

Her husband started at the cry, exclaiming:

"What—how! It is not possible!" They immediately began to search in the folds of the dress, the cloak, in the pockets—everywhere.

He asked: "Are you sure that you had it when we left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it while in the vestibule before we left."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it drop. It may be in the carriage."

"Yes, that is possible. Did you take the number?"

"No; and you, did you notice it either?"

"No."

They looked at each other in alarm; finally Loisel said:

"I shall go over the ground we traveled on foot to see if I can find it."

He went out. She remained in her—

(To be continued.)



Miscellaneous Correspondence

Mr. C. C. Klein,
Jamestown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

At the request of our representative, Mr. Peterson, we are forwarding you under separate cover a copy of our Marine Supply Catalog. We are including a copy of our jobbing discount sheet, which will give you cost on this line of work and afford you a convenient guide to sell by. A retail price list is included.

We shall be pleased to receive your order for any goods you may require.

Yours very truly,

Messrs. Smith and Sanford,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Gentlemen:

On the 15th inst. we sent you notice of your account, with notation that we would make a draft on you on the 22d inst. in the absence of a remittance. Not having heard from you, we presume it is agreeable that we draw on you, consequently we are depositing a draft to-day in the National Bank of Commerce, of this city, for \$74.83, and trust you will honor it upon presentation.

We have a large payroll to meet on the 25th inst., and find it necessary to collect very closely in order to meet it.

Yours truly,

Mr. L. E. Wheeler,
Greeley, Colo.

Dear Sir:

We have your favor of the 18th, and note carefully what you say regarding the table for Mrs. Brown.

The table is fitted with a Titan lock, and you will find a knob attached with which to adjust it so as to draw the base together tightly. If you will go over this carefully, we believe you will have no trouble in adjusting it, as the Titan is the best lock known.

As requested, we are sending Mrs. Brown an invoice for the furniture.

Very truly yours,

Mr. C. B. Warner,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sir:

We are just in receipt of a communication from Mr. A. D. Warner, of Norfolk, relative to the condition of the fence adjacent to his premises, and along the right of way of your company, about one mile south of Norfolk. Mr. Warner states that the fence is now in a very dilapidated and unsafe condition and that he has been unable to secure any action by your company.

We would thank you to investigate the matter and advise us promptly what will be the action of your company.

Very truly yours,

Messrs. Burns and Holly,
Reading, Cal.

Gentlemen:

We notice that you have not availed yourself of the discount on recent invoice. Although the discount date is now past, our urgent need of funds prompts us to offer you the opportunity of taking discount at this date.

We give you below the dates and amounts of the invoice, together with the amount of discount we will allow you if you will remit by return mail.

Kindly return this letter with your remittance.

Yours truly,



There are about 490,000 boys in all high schools, public and private, the present season. These schools have increased in number and attendance more than 100 per cent since 1900. High school attendance has increased far more rapidly than the growth in population. Million dollar high schools, frequently commercial, are rising everywhere. Huge sums of money are being spent for their conduct. Never before in America has it been so easy to get an education. The old-time sacrifices do not exist to-day. Not only are schools distributed all over the land, but in equipment and courses offered, they surpass anything the world has ever known. Technically trained teachers are needed to conduct these schools.

to go on to the scenario. It is of no use to submit a story with lions in it to a company that has not a menagerie—as some have—and it is well to note which companies have such specialties as a fat comedian. Indeed it is necessary to exercise a good deal of common sense just as in other professions.

"And what of the pay? How does it compare with that ordinary playwrights get? It is difficult to make a comparison, for we lack evidence both as to fecundity of production and the extent of the market. The cinematograph now represents an enormous trade and an efficient profession, if not a fine art, and perhaps it is not yet at the height of its present development. Yet it seems to be using up its material at an enormous rate. Mr. Dench gives a formidable list of threadbare titles, and we begin to wonder whether we shall not have almost exhausted life in a few years and so be constrained to adopt a somewhat slower fashion."—*The Literary Digest*.



Business Letters

The Robert Hill Printing Company,
Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

Just a few lines to explain why we are in a better position to handle your trade better than any other house in the state of Pennsylvania.

We do all kinds of lithographing, printing and embossing; manufacture blank books and loose-leaf devices and do general binding and publishing—all under one roof.

Furthermore, at the head of each of our several departments is a member of the company who is also a practical man in that particular line and who gives his personal attention to each and every detail, which enables us to turn out work of the very highest grade.

We have been in business for thirteen years at the corner of Lyon and Cherry Streets; but we have had to increase our floor space twice during the past two years. We now occupy the entire block.

We shall be pleased to receive a call and figure on any work you may desire.

Yours truly,

Messrs. W. M. Hughes & Sons,
Jamestown, Virginia.
Gentlemen:

The management of the Virginia Lithograph Company beg to announce that they have recently purchased the entire plant of the St. James Lithographing Company, including all engravings; and have moved their plant to the old home of the St. James Lithographing Company, 8-10-12 Wabash Avenue, Richmond.

By amalgamating the two plants we certainly are not boastful in saying that it is the best equipped plant in this section of the country, enabling us to turn out the highest grade of work at reasonable prices. Ours is the only

plant in the state where lithographing, printing and binding are done under one roof. Another advantage is that we are now in a position to do the work better and on shorter notice than heretofore.

For a short time both phones of the two concerns, as well as the names, will be used; therefore any orders sent either to the Virginia or St. James Lithographing Company will have our prompt attention.

Thanking you for past favors, and also hoping for a continuance of your patronage, we are

Yours truly,

The James White Book Company,
Denver, Colo.
Gentlemen:

Your letter of the 16th inst. at hand containing order for five hundred vowel ruled index sheets, 9½x11, and five thousand specially ruled larger leaves—a duplicate of the last order we sent you. We have ruled up a proof showing a margin that will be necessary in doing this work. If this plan is satisfactory, please O.K. the proof and return it to us and we will proceed at once with your order. If, however, you wish us to go ahead and make the sheets spaced as per the last order, kindly so state and we will be pleased to comply with your request.

Thanking you for your order, and waiting your further instructions, we remain

Yours truly,



The Diamond Necklace—Continued

—brilliant ball toilet with no desire to sleep and no power to think of anything but the disaster that had happened.

Her husband returned at seven o'clock. He had found nothing. He had been to the police office, had put an advertisement in the papers offering a reward for the recovery of the necklace. In short, he did everything that offered even a hope of success.

She waited all day in the same state of trepidation in the face of this frightful calamity. Loisel returned in the evening with his face pale and haggard. No word of the necklace.

"You must write to your friend," he said, "that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and are having it repaired. That will give us time to look around." She did as he suggested.

At the end of the week they had lost all hope, and Loisel, to whom it seemed this trouble had added five years to his age, declared: "We must try to replace the necklace."

The following day they went to the jeweler whose name was on the box. When he had consulted his books he said: "It was not I who sold that necklace, Madame. I only furnished the box."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler

seeking a necklace like the one that had been lost, and both of them sick with grief and anxiety. At last in a shop they found one which seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. They were told that it was valued at forty thousand francs, but they could have it for thirty-six thousand francs.

They begged the jeweler not to dispose of it for three days. He also agreed to take it back and allow them thirty-four thousand francs if the other necklace was found before the end of February.

Loisel had inherited eighteen thousand francs from his father. He borrowed the rest.

He borrowed a thousand francs from one, five hundred from another, five louis here and three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous promises, had recourse to the usurers and ran the whole gamut of money-lenders. He compromised his whole existence, risking his signature without even knowing that it would be honored. Then, harassed by anxiety for the future by the black misery which surrounded him and by the prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that were involved, he went for the new necklace and placed on the counter his thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel returned the necklace to Madame Forestier, the latter coldly said: "You should have returned it sooner, as I might have needed it."

She did not open the box, which was the one thing Madame Loisel had dreaded. If she had discovered the substitution, what would she have thought? Would she not be considered a thief? From that time on Madame Loisel knew what it was to live in poverty. It must be said that she bore the ordeal heroically; this frightful debt must be paid. Her share of privations was borne stoically. They discharged their maid and rented a smaller apartment near the roof.

She learned the heavy duties of the household, the odious work of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, the greasy pots and pans until her pretty hands soon lost all semblance of the care of bygone days. She washed the soiled linen and dried it in her room. Each morning she took down the refuse of the kitchen to the street and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to take breath. She wore the dress of the women of the people, she went each day to the grocer, the fruiterer, the butcher, with her basket on her arm, bargaining and haggling over every sou of her miserable money.

They were obliged each month to pay some notes and renew others in order to gain time. Her husband worked in the evening balancing and auditing the books of merchants and often was busy all night with copying work at five sous a page.

This was the life they endured for ten years, at the end of which time they had paid all—the interest due the money-lenders with compound interest besides.

Madame Loisel seemed an old woman now.

She had become a strong, hard-looking woman with the unkempt hair, the short skirts, the red hands of the household drudge. She was loud-voiced and like the other women of the neighborhood.

But sometimes when her husband was at his office she seated herself at the window and thought of that evening party of former times when she had been so beautiful and so much admired.

What would have happened if the necklace had not been lost? Who knows? Life is a singular and changeable thing full of all vicissitudes. How small a thing may save or wreck a life!

One Sunday as she was walking on the boulevards to divert herself from the cares and duties of the week, she suddenly perceived a lady with a little child coming toward her. It was Madame Forestier, still young, beautiful and charming. Madame Loisel stopped short, too agitated to move. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that the necklace was paid for she would tell her everything. Why not? She walked up to Madame Forestier and said: "Good morning, Jeanne."

Her friend did not recognize her and appeared astonished at being addressed so familiarly by a woman of the people.

"But, my good woman, I do not know you. I think you are mistaken."

"No, I am Matilda Loisel."

Madame Forestier exclaimed in astonishment: "Oh! My poor Matilda, how you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had a great deal of trouble and have lived in misery since last I saw you, and all because of you."

"Because of me! What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the diamond necklace you let me have to wear to the Minister's Ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"Lost it! How could you, since you returned it to me?"

"I returned you one exactly like it. For ten years we have been paying for it. You can readily understand it was not easy for us who had nothing—but it is finished and I am content."

Madame Forestier gazed at her wide-eyed and said: "Do you mean to say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never found it out then? They were exactly alike." She smiled with pride.

Touched to the heart, Madame Forestier took the poor rough hands in hers and drew her tenderly to her. With her voice filled with tears she said: "Oh! my poor Matilda! But mine were false. They were not worth more than five hundred francs!"



Inform yourself about business matters by reading about them. The trade and stock reports in the newspapers make good practice matter.

Oscar Capelle

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